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## TRANSLATIONS FROM THE HEBREW.

## I.

BY JEHUDAH HALEVI.

My heart, be still; for who shall stand and view  
His secret—his, who weigheth hearts? Desire  
To see no hidden thing, and break not through  
To gaze, nor kindle thou a burning fire.

From striving thither where his wonders be,  
Cease, for thou mayst not enter anywhere;  
Nought of permission hath been granted thee  
To tread within the dark foundations there.

Come down from counting thee his messenger,  
And where the great be, stand not thou, but go  
Cast on the Lord thy way—thou shalt not err—  
And trust at times of wandering to and fro.

Let not glad seasons make thee confident,  
Nor times of mourning suffer thee to fear;  
Desire no ways of man; let thine intent  
Be Godward, that thy Rock may draw thee near.

Though thou serve princes among men, no less  
Thou servest slaves of slaves, whose favour's glow  
Is but a vanity and emptiness,  
Their days of wrath a wasteness and a woe.

'Tis good to serve a King, in truth, whom power  
And honour well befit, and dignity;  
Who on the bosom gave thee goodly dower,  
Nor evermore will cease to dower thee.

Wait for his counsel; yea, do thou refute  
The counsel friends may proffer of their store;  
For his in thy beginning will bear fruit,  
And in thine end be fruitful more and more.

An altar of repentance rise and build,  
And, bind thine inclination fast thereon;  
For he is good, and those near him are filled  
Full of his goodness—yea, and those far-flown.

But only seek not thou to follow through  
After his works, but watch thou at his door:  
The good thing in his own eyes he will do—  
To make alive, or slay for evermore.

He said, "Let light be," and it was; he bade  
The structure stand aloft—and lo, it stood;  
And God saw everything that he had made,  
And lo, he saw that it was very good.

## II.

### FROM THE KOL NIDRE SERVICE.

O LET our prayer ascend from eventime,  
And may our cry come in to thee from dawn,  
And let our song be clear till eventime.

O let our voice ascend from eventime,  
And may our merit come to thee from dawn,  
And our redemption be at eventime.

O let our woe ascend from eventime,  
And may our pardon issue from the dawn,  
And let our crying sound till eventime.

O let our hope ascend from eventime,  
And may it come, for thy sake, from the dawn,  
And our atonement stand at eventime.

Let our salvation rise from eventime,  
 And may our purity come in from dawn,  
 And our entreaty sound till eventime.

Let our remembrance rise from eventime,  
 Let our assembly plead to thee from dawn  
 In glory visible till eventime.

Thus at thy door we knock from eventime ;  
 O let our joy come forth for us from dawn,  
 And may our quest appear till eventime.

O let our call ascend from eventime,  
 And may it come before thee from the dawn,  
 And turn to us content at eventime.

### III.

#### FROM THE KOL NIDRE SERVICE.

FORGIVE, I beseech thee,  
 The trespass thy people have wrought unto thee,  
 And let not thine anger wax hot at thy children's  
 iniquity.

Forgive, I beseech thee,  
 Their pride ; give them life from the fountain with thee,  
 Repent of the doom, and lift from thine hosts their  
 iniquity.

Forgive, I beseech thee,  
 All those confessing and turning to thee,  
 And pardon, for thy name's sake, the sin and  
 iniquity.

Forgive, I beseech thee,  
 Those formed for thy name, which have sinned unto thee,  
 And cleanse with thy free-given rain their error's  
 iniquity.

Forgive, I beseech thee,  
The foolishness wrought by the wicked to thee;  
And let it be sought and not found—thy loved ones'  
iniquity.

Forgive, I beseech thee,  
Their guile that kneel and fall prostrate to thee;  
Atone in thy goodness of grace for thy children's  
iniquity.

Forgive, I beseech thee,  
Those calling thee One and waiting for thee,  
And build up thy porch, having cleansed thine outcasts'  
iniquity.

Forgive, I beseech thee,  
And shield in the tent of thy peace with thee;  
Hide deep in thy secret place thy servants'  
iniquity.

Forgive, I beseech thee,  
Lest chastisement fall from the heights of thee;  
For thy praise and thy glory's sake forget their  
iniquity.

Forgive, I beseech thee,  
Their shame; and be kind from the heavens of thee,  
That thy loved ones be never ensnared, that thou bear their  
iniquity.

Forgive, I beseech thee,  
The shame of their stain, that give love unto thee;  
Yea, for those grown pure by thy pity, pass by their  
iniquity.

NINA SALAMAN.